

"What fools these mortals be!"

Puck

Entered at N. Y. P. O. as Second-class Mail Matter.



DRIVING THE SAME OLD BARGAIN.

BOSS PLATT IS GETTING READY TO SWAP THE CITY FOR THE STATE.



was sick seven weeks last Summer with a Latin disease as long as your arm an' which sounded like a team of runaway mules rippin' through a deacon's new picket-fence, an' yet the doctor's bill was only sixty-four dollars. This honest farmer yere was only sick about a week, an' the name of his disease wus n't more'n a quarter as long an' did n't sound half as bad as the one my son was cursed with, an' yet the bill is jest about as big as Amzi's was. There ain't no jestic in that—no, siree! This yere doctor is a contortionist, that's what he is; an' the bill won't be allowed. I yereby render decision for the defendant an' throw the costs of the suit on the plaintiff."

Tom P. Morgan.

LOOKING FORWARD TO THE HARVEST.

FIRST BUNCO MAN.—These big crops and high prices are a great thing.

SECOND BUNCO MAN.—Sure! What would we do without the farmer?

PRACTICAL POLITICS.

FIRST HEELER.—Them cranks is talkin' about standin' up to be counted.

SECOND HEELER.—Let 'em! If there's too many of 'em they can stand up to be counted out.

FINANCIALLY EMBARRASSED.

PENELOPE.—Jimmy is financially embarrassed—he's jess found ten cents, and can't make up his mind how ter spend it.

ROSALIND (with a faint sigh).—Wot a pity he ain't married!

HIS SAGE DECISION.

"URM! AUR-R-R-RM!" hawked 'Squire Peavy, who had been elected Justice of the Peace by the Populists, arising to render his decision in the case wherein Dr. Pillsbury was suing Farmer Flint for medical attendance. "I reckon that the plaintiff's attorney has quoted the law in this case as fully an' correctly as a young legal squirt, with eyeglasses on an' his hair parted in the middle, can be expected to be acquainted with the law; but what we want is a little jestic mixed with the law.

"The plaintiff has got durn near all the doctors in the county yere to testify as to the jestic of the size of the bill; but that don't cut no ice, as city folks say, with me. It simply 'pears to me that all these medicine-men bein' yere together on one side of the case is a combine—a doctor-trust. An' combines an' trusts is clearly a crime an' dead agin the constitution an' principles of free government; right in line—by heck!—with the heenyus crime of '73!

"It stands to reason that this bill is unjust. My son, Amzi,



NOT ABLE TO SAY.

BRIGGS.—What kind of a fellow is Willowsnap?

GRIGGS.—I don't know. I've only seen him when he was with his wife.

HER SAILOR HAT.

(The Summer Girl, returned, soliloquizes.)

DEAR HAT, 't is sad that we must part,
We 've passed a pleasant time together;
But now, it grieves me to the heart,
You show some signs of seashore weather.
Your straw is stained — yet what of that?
Your ribbon soiled — I still adore you;
You 're out of shape — old sailor hat,
My mem'ry casts a halo o'er you.

Your brim, a watchful chaperon,
Defended from too warm devotion —
Except from Jack. For him alone
Laid by, you blew into the ocean.
Therefore these stains. The spots I see
Came from the rain — tho' for a minute
Jack used his coat protectingly.
(It mattered not his arm was in it.)

Your top 's caved in — 't was horrified
To hear the nonsense softly spoken
By Jack, when Auntie, heavy-eyed,
Dozed near us, in a slumber broken.
These pencil-marks inside the crown
Are love charms foolish Jack would teach me.
Silly, of course. I tried to frown.
And he tried — well, he did n't reach me.

The divers colors of your band
Breathe of the sun and spray commingled.
We often sat upon the sand
(Within a nook we two had singled).
Each pin-hole has a tale to tell,
Endeared by many subtle reasons.
Heigh-ho! 't is hard, yet just as well
That hats — and hearts — change with the seasons.

Edwin L. Sabin.



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FEMINETTES.

A neighborhood naughty story never receives its full significance until it falls into the hands of a dear, sweet, gospel-eyed married woman on the caramel side of forty.

Femininity may be defined as the art with which a woman graciously permits a hapless man to apologize to her for some offence of hers against him.

Among the varied phenomena of every-day life, none exceeds in painful intensity the endeavors of a girl to keep step through the intricacies of a joke which has convulsed her fiancé.

A woman loves but once; that is, the same man.

The example of the ant as an admonition to the sluggard offers no such resources of spectacular instruction as the fateful, noiseless celerity of a marriageable girl who is camping on some man's trail.

There are only three kinds of girls, — pretty girls, plain girls, and girls who make their own clothes.

Little children and women have no little troubles, — they are all big ones.

Women go to prayer-meeting to lay out a week's work for their hired man, the Lord.

Some persons have minds, and some a thing to guess with; but it is only a handsome woman who can make shift without either.

Women never play in a game unless there is another game under it.

The equality of the sexes will be firmly established whenever the newspapers print a description of the bridegroom's trousseau.

Ladies fight with pretty words that are full of fists.

Gospel will be a pretty word in a woman's mouth when women can distinguish between a poor memory and a clear conscience.

When a woman has once fairly sat on a man, forever afterward the entire masculine race takes on the appearance of groveling upholstery.

John Drew.



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THE WAY THEY FELT.

FARMER CORNFED. — What kind of clams be these, waiter?

WAITER. — Dem 's little-neck clams, Boss.

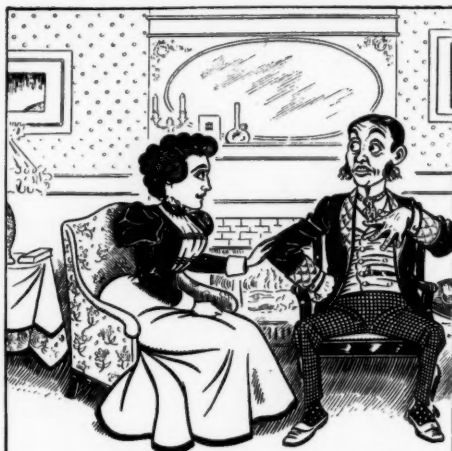
FARMER CORNFED. — Little necks, eh? Gosh! I thought they was rubber-necks!

CAUGHT.

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MR. BOWERS (*angrily*).—What! Want me to pay ten dollars for a season ticket to these concerts for you? Not on your life, Mrs. Extravagance! Do you think I am made of money?



MRS. BOWERS (*later*).—Henry, you don't know much about base-ball, do you, dear?
MR. BOWERS (*drawing himself up proudly*).—Me? Don't I! Why, I am a regular crank! Don't know much about base-ball! Bah! If I don't know, who should? Was n't I at nearly every game at the Polo Grounds last season?



MRS. BOWERS.—Why, you *must* know all about it then, Henry, dear. How many games did you see, darling?
MR. BOWERS (*loftily*).—Nearly all that were played in the home grounds—sixty!
MRS. BOWERS.—Let me see! Sixty games at seventy-five cents is forty-three dollars, and fifty cents a game—for car-fare, cigars, etc., is thirty dollars more—seventy-three dollars in all, and you dare to call me Mrs. Extravagance because I asked you for a ten-dollar concert ticket!

FORCE OF HABIT.

A-DOWN the road they fly The lamp is burning bright,
As on a tide of song; And, by its fairy beam,
The stars are in the sky, About the Winter night
The tandem glides along. Her soul is all a-dream.

And by its wistful blink
She thinks of Love's bright crown,
And says: "Jim, don't you think
We'd better turn it down?"

R. K. M.

NEW THE COMBINATION.

CLIENT.—Can you draw a will that can't be broken?

HONEST LAWYER.—I can not; but I can draw one that no one but myself can break.

A TYPOGRAPHICAL ERROR.

SHE.—I read that Yello, the tragedian, fairly electrified his audience last night.

HE.—It should have read "electrocuted."



MRS. BOWERS (*as she walks out the room with the ten dollars*).—Bah! And he applying for a diplomatic position under the Government!

TOO MANY GENTLE LINCOLNS.

HE.—Oh! yes; I believe in the emancipation of woman; but at this stage the subject is a little trying.

SHE (*suspiciously*).—How so?

HE.—Well—er—there somehow seems to be so much more proclamation than emancipation.

"LOVE THINE ENEMY."

"How can you call a man a Christian who loves himself as that feller does?"

"Well, I've heard that he is his own worst enemy."

ONLY ENOUGH FOR TWO.

LANDLADY.—Which part of the chicken would you like, Mr. Hardy?

HARDY.—Either.

AN EXPLANATION.

HIS FATHER.—I would n't be a miser, Ikey. A miser is a fool.

IKEY.—Vot is a miser, Fader?

HIS FATHER.—It's vun ohf dem fellers vot geeps his money in a old shtocking or hides it under der carpet vere it gan't draw indersed.

HIS MALADY.

SOILED SPOONER.—I believe I've got insomnier.

SELDUM FEDD.—Can't yer sleep at night?

SOILED SPOONER.—Yep; but I can't sleep in de daytime, too, like I uster.

COULD N'T RESIST A BARGAIN.

MISS FRISBIE.—How did you come to accept Mr. Gilgal?

MISS GIBBS.—He told me that he felt so cheap.

HE COULD N'T UTILIZE IT.

"Faith moves mountains," quoted the Harlem lady, cheerily.

"Yes," assented her husband, with a sigh; "but I never heard of it moving furniture."

HEAT AND HAIR.

Ulysses, meeting the Gorgon Medusa in Hades, complimented the latter upon her coiffure.

"The serpents composing it," remarked the far-wandering hero, "don't wriggle so much as they used."

"Ah! no," the Medusa replied, somewhat sadly; "they have to keep pretty straight here, on account of the heat."

ONE WAY.

STRAWBER.—I want to give her the impression that I am very wealthy, and I don't know how to do it.

SINGERLY.—Why don't you propose to her?

THE WORLD'S esteem for many a man is built upon a foundation of "rocks."



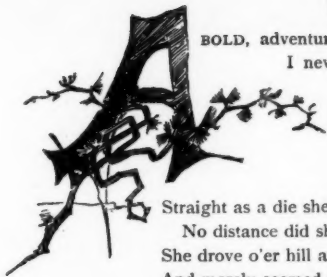
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IN THE MUSEUM.

FIRST FREAK.—The giant and the dwarf are quarreling again.

SECOND FREAK.—It's hard to tell which of them is the bigger fool.

LOVE ON THE LINKS.



BOLD, adventurous laddy,
I never feared a fall,
So played I golf the gruesome
With Janet in a twosome,
When Cupid was the caddy
And my poor heart the ball.

Straight as a die she putted,
No distance did she mind;
She drove o'er hill and valley
And merely seemed to dally
While I, with bad words muttered,
Toiled on, far, far behind.

She said that I was stupid,
Her words were unjust, quite,
For oft my ball would wander
And I my time must squander
In searching, tho' 't was Cupid
Who hid it out of spite.

Alas! what malice had he
To place me thus in thrall?
My bonds I can not sever,
The game goes on forever,
And Cupid still is caddy
And my poor heart the ball.

Katharine Perry.



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ENJOYMENT FOR BOTH.

BROOKLYN WIFE.—Where shall we wheel to-day, love?

A PROGRESSIVE PASTOR.

BROTHER HORNBuckle.—I have often heard our pastor described as being "up-to-date," and I have n't expressed any objection to his being that way. But I think it would be more becoming in him to stop at that point.

Mrs. Hornbuckle.—What do you mean, Jason?

BROTHER HORNBuckle.—Well, instead of his being simply up-to-date, I think he is a little beyond it, to say the least, in introducing an alarm clock into the pulpit and having it set so that it goes off with a whanging crash every fifteen minutes during the sermon.

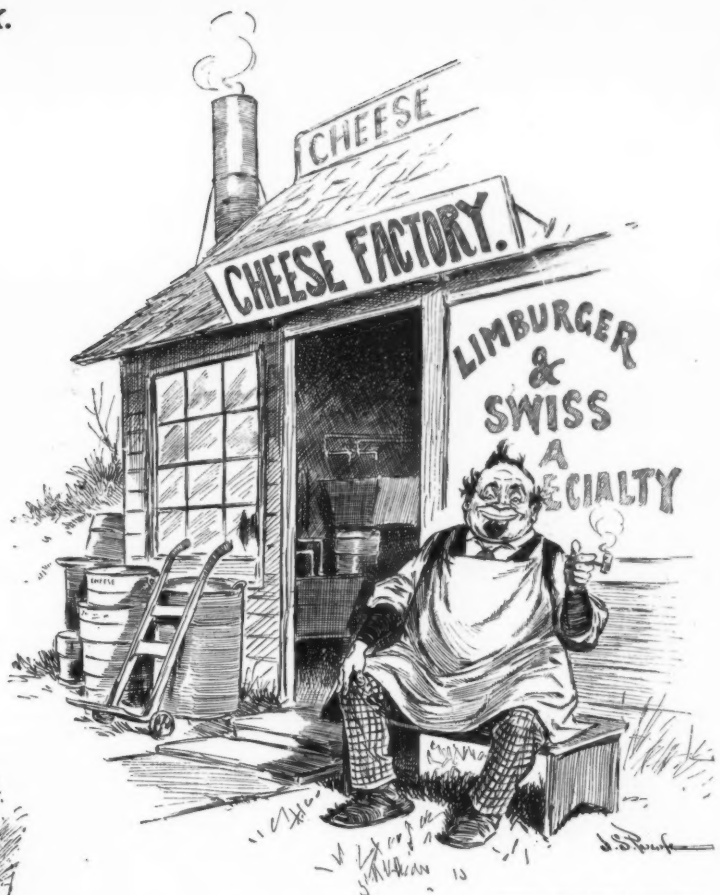
HIS VIEWS.

LANDLADY.—I suppose you prefer southerly exposure?

PROSPECTIVE BOARDER.—Yes, Ma'am—in moderation. I think that broken window-pane should be fixed.

ABNORMAL.

"What is your idea of a strong-minded woman?"
"Well, she is a woman who can look at a photograph of a baby without saying 'Oh!—how cute!'"



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AN EXCEPTION.

CHEESE-MAKER.—Well, there is one advantage I have! no one comes around here poking their nose into my business.

ANOTHER ATTEMPT.

"What is talent—and what is genius?"

"Talent is a trolley on the wire; genius is a trolley that can travel without a wire."

USE SOME tact in your veneration for age; age is sometimes a little touchy about its years.

THE MAN who is more solicitous about his reputation than he is about his character, will bear watching.



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ONE GIRL AND ANOTHER.

MISS PRYMM.—That disreputable Jack Buggby invited me to go to the theatre with him last night.

MISS CUTTYNGE.—How did you enjoy the play?



THE PROTÉGÉ OF HEAVEN.

ONCE SACRED cat of Egypt old,
That mews and purrs my chair about,
Though cursed for ill deeds manifold,
Thy rank divine has not run out;
For if the sparrow when it falls
Is counted by omniscient laws,
It also notes thy hungry squalls —
The bird is manna for thy maw.

Roe L. Hendrick.

THE PROVERB THAT FAILED.

"They say," remarked the Oklahoma philosopher, as he turned the key and placed it in his pocket, "that there's no use locking the stable door after the horse is stolen; but I don't want the owner to come along and see him walking around in my barn-yard."



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IT DID N'T WORK.

JIM JACKSON (*who is seeking gently to break his engagement*). — Ob kose yo' know, Miss Johnson, dat I chews, drinks, smokes, swears, plays craps, poker, an' policy, steals chickens, nevah pays mah debts, doan b'lieve in de Bible, an' mah gran'fadder wuz hung fo' murder.

JOSIE JOHNSON (*ecstatically*). — O Jim! yo' doan know how happy yo' makes me; to fink dat I'se gwine to get such a honest man fo' a husban'!



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REBUKING HER.

MRS. JONES. — Why, John, you've shot a hen!

JONES (*indignantly*). — Hen? That, Madam, is a Shanghai Buff-Cochin Leghorn Partridge, that I shot near a farm-house; and, as it happened to be a *tame* one, and quite a family pet, I had to pay for it. Where did you ever get your knowledge of hens, Madam?

PROOF.

INQUIRER. — You claim that your circulation has materially increased since last year?

RURAL EDITOR. — We do; and the public is welcome to examine our books and see how much more vegetables have come in this year.

AS TO HIS PHOTOGRAPH.

CHOLLY. — I don't think the photographer caught me expression, do you?

SHE. — I don't see any.

SHE COULD N'T SAY.

MAUDE. — I've begun on a new novel.

LENA. — How does it start out?

MAUDE. — I can't say. I have n't finished it yet."

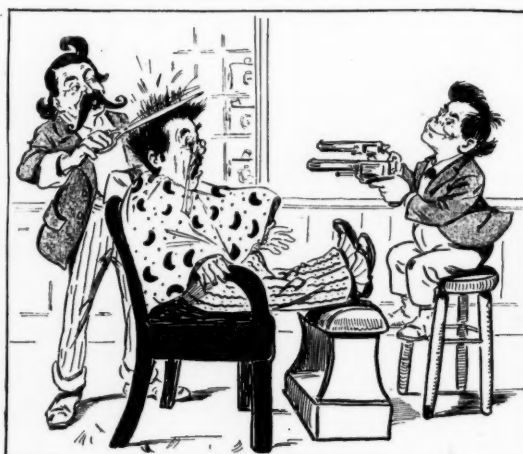
AS A SHIELD, conceit is pretty effective, but as a spear it is n't of much use.



THE QUICK POMPADOUR CUT.



MR. DAUNEEST. — Ha! Ha! An idea! While I wait for that train I'll go in here and get my hair cut pompadour. Ha! Ha! The little wife won't know me.



THE BARBER. — Say! Stranger, you want to sit dead quiet, for them pistols has hair triggers an' that boy is awful nervous!



PROPRIETOR. — Just a little idea of mine. Oh, no! There's no danger; they was n't loaded. Call again, sir!



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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

THE FALL OF NEWPORT. FROM NEWPORT comes a tale of impending ruin that ought to arouse the sympathy of all right-minded people who have money. That vale of Summer delights, erstwhile sacred to the revels and recreations of the Very Wealthy, has been invaded the past season by the cheap excursionist, the fifty-cents-for-the-round-trip working-person or what-not, who comes with his wife and babies and eats his vulgar lunch and swigs root beer in the very presence of the elect. If he were few in number and if he displayed a meek and seemly respect for the persons and possessions of the Very Wealthy he might be graciously tolerated. But he comes in hordes and he does not show that hat-doffing humility which should ever mark the bearing of the common person in the presence of Wealth. He is, on the contrary, jaunty, self-assertive and critical. He marches from one end of the town to the other, and blames or praises quite as if he had money himself. He is liable to survey a million-dollar cottage and to declare in a voice offensively loud that you could n't hire him to live in the darned thing. He is also apt to refer to the casual millionaire as a "dude" or a "mug" or a "guy," and to speak of his golf clothes in terms of the severest disrespect. But, worst of all, and herein he is deadly, he demands entertainment that is both lively and cheap; and so in his train come venders of those cheap but gaudy delicacies which have made Coney Island celebrated, and the purveyors of meretricious sports, such as lung-testing, weight-lifting, riding in merry-go-rounds and fortune-telling. This strikes a death-blow to Newport's exclusiveness. It can not be a far time to the day depicted by our cartoonist, unless the right sort get together and surround Newport with a high fence through which no low, coarse excursionist may pass.

THE UNIFYING FORCE.

WHEN Mr. Platt's newspaper or one of his "barkers" wishes to rise to the plane of argument, it is recited that Mr. Low agreed to be a candidate for Mayor only in the event that he should prove to be "a unifying force among the friends of good government." It is then alleged that Mr. Low has not proved a unifying force because he has not secured the approval of Mr. Platt, and that, therefore, he ought to retire. To all "straight" but honest Republicans who may have been muddled by this buncombe, PUCK would suggest that the phrase "friends of good government" does not include Mr. Platt. Never within the memory of man has Mr. Platt been a friend of good government; he crosses the street to avoid speaking, when they happen into the same neighborhood. Mr. Platt and his tribe of place-getters are not one of the forces Mr. Low expected or wished to unify. When Mr. Platt and his friends claim, then, that Mr. Low has not proved "a unifying force among the friends of good government" because he has not secured the support of Mr. Platt, they are adding materially to the world's stock of unconscious humor.

AS TO SCHURZ AND GALLINGER.

VOTERS of all parties owe thanks to the Hon. Carl Schurz and to one Gallinger, a U. S. Senator from New Hampshire, for their public discussion of the comparative merits of independence and regularity in politics. The voters of Greater New York, especially, will find it profitable to read this correspondence from beginning to end, and it should be reprinted in pamphlet form and distributed among them. It would have been hard to find two abler exponents of the two principles. We doubt if even so hardened a spoilsman as Senator Platt would have been quite so impudently, brutally and shamelessly candid in his confessions as Senator Gallinger is. Mr. Schurz, holding to certain principles, claims the right to vote for the candidate who promises most for them, regardless of his party. For this, Senator Gallinger calls him a "renegade and a traitor," and declares that the sum of political virtue is to vote always for one party, no matter who its candidates may be, nor what its platform. It is his own proud boast that he has "never voted any other than the straight party ticket," and never intends to. Mr. Schurz shows himself to be a man honestly and intelligently devoted to certain principles which he believes make for the welfare of the country. Senator Gallinger shows himself to be devoted wholly to the welfare of his political party, and ready to sacrifice his country any time to his machine. Mr. Schurz is an intelligent patriot. Senator Gallinger seems to be composed of 70 per cent. brigand and 30 per cent. mule. To read his letters with their confessions of sordidness, their bald untruths, where untruth is needed to prop his argument, and their picturesque abuse where argument fails, which is pretty often, is to understand the type of ward politician so ably represented by Gallinger, and to understand just why the United States Senate has fallen low in the last twenty years.

A CRISIS.

TURK. — I understand there is a constitutional crisis up at the kiosk.
ANOTHER TURK. — No?
TURK. — Yes; I'm told the Sultan ordered the imperial food-taster to partake of a Welsh rabbit His Majesty had made in a chafing dish, and the food-taster declined on the ground that the duty did not come within the purview of his legal functions. I presume a new ministry will be formed.

MONEY TALKS.

"Speech is silver," so 't is said
By seers both wise and deep;
And from this saying we are led
To know that talk is cheap.

HE HAD SUFFERED.

"But you!" the swarthy man with the box said dramatically, "you have not suffered for Cuba Libre as I have!"
"I've suffered even more," sighed Nosucker; "I once bought a box of those same smuggled (nit) Cuban cigars you have there. Now, git!"

GOOD-BY, SUMMER.

"I have such a time getting Tom to quit wearing a straw hat."
"You would better try my plan."
"What is it?"
"I don't say anything; but when Dick leaves his hat in a porch-chair I accidentally sit on it."

THE SITUATION.

FIRST CITIZEN (hotly). — Why, your party does n't pretend to care for anything but the spoils!
SECOND CITIZEN (coldly). — And your party does.

JORKINS. — Cuba has friends in Congress, I feel sure.
PERKINS. — Yes; but the trouble is that Tom Reed keeps them incommunicado.



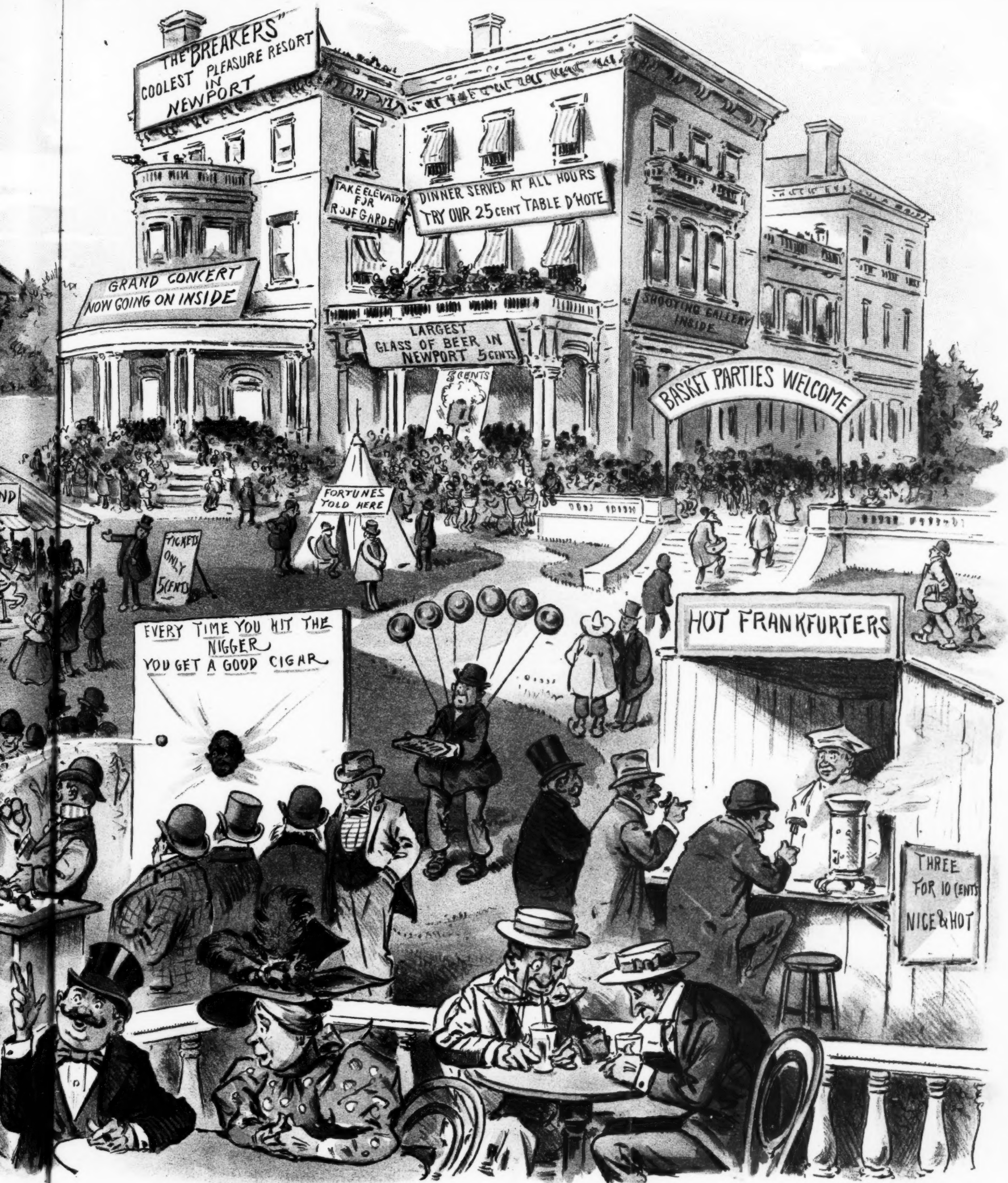
HORRIBLE SYMPTOMS.

MR. BEACON HILL. — Why, Penelope! What is the matter?
MRS. BEACON HILL. — Oh, Horace! I am afraid Emerson has not that elevated mind we have a right to expect in a child of ours. He just said "Da! Da!" like that common washerwoman's baby I heard in the park!



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A LOOK AHEAD
THE EXCURSIONISTS ARE MOVING ON THE TOWN; HEAVY GAINS ARE REPORTED, AND IS F



J. Ottmann Lith. Co., Rock Springs, WY

AHEAD AT NEWPORT.

ED, AND IS FEARED THEY WILL TAKE POSSESSION IN THE ABOVE MANNER AT AN EARLY DAY

CARLYLE SMITH'S CYCLOPÆDIA OF ANECDOTES.

SOCRATES' REBUKE.

Xantippe, the wife of Socrates, being reluctant to put on her husband's toga to go and see a procession, was thus rebuked by him: "Humph! If it was trousers, you'd wear 'em in a minute!"



ONE OF DR. JOHNSON'S JESTS.

"Boswell," said Dr. Johnson, meeting the biographer on the street, "I have been reading some of your MSS. There is a great deal about yourself in them. They seem to me to be Youmoirs rather than Memoirs."

ANOTHER IDOL SHATTERED.

It was not at the battle of New Orleans, as has been said, but at his hotel at Washington, early on a certain Fourth of July morning, that Admiral Farragut, unable to sleep, turned wearily upon his couch and shouted: "Damn the torpedos!"

CASSANDRA'S PROPHECY.

"You think you know a lot, don't you?" said Cassandra to Laocoon the day before the tragedy.

"I know more than you do," retorted Laocoon.

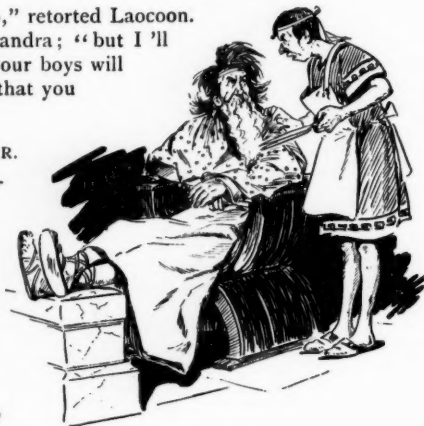
"That may be," said Cassandra; "but I'll tell you one thing, you and your boys will know a great deal to-morrow that you don't know now."

ARCHELAUS AND THE BARBER.

A talkative barber was trimming the hair of King Archelaus.

"Any special way you want it trimmed, O King!" he asked.

"Yes," said the king; "with the scissors. If I wanted it trimmed with passamenterie and jet I should have gone to a dressmaker."



A MODERN ANECDOTE.

"Good morning, MacLaren," said Barrie, meeting the famous Scotch writer; "what is the good word?" "Hoot, mon!" returned the Author of the Bonnie Briar Bush.

A WISE MONARCH.

"It is a pity," said one of his court to Archelaus, "that we have no clipping agencies in these days, so that we may know what is being said of us."

"It is better as it is," responded the king; "our barber-shops are clipping agencies where we learn what is being said of people."

THE PHILOSOPHIC BEGGAR.

"Dear me!" cried the king of the Scythians to a thinly-clad beggar he encountered in a snow-storm. "Have n't you any warmer clothes than this?"

"Oh, yes, your Highness!" replied the beggar; "but it would spoil my business were I to wear them."

THE LAST WORDS OF SOCRATES.

"Alas!" cried Socrates, as he looked at the poison cup; "with all my knowledge I can not find the key to this lock."

"What lock?" demanded the jailer.

"Hemlock," sighed the sage.

CASSIUS AND CAESAR.

"Cassius," groaned Cæsar, "why did you stab me? It would have prolonged my life if you had talked me to death, as Senator Morgan does his enemies."

"True, O fallen Cæsar!" replied Cassius; "but I am more merciful. Beside, I prefer a weapon with more point to it than a Morgan speech."



LETTING HIM DOWN.

"AM A self-made man!" grandiloquently announced the pompous person, smiting his swelling chest impressively. "All that I am I owe to myself and my own unaided efforts." And so on, to considerable length.

"Pardon me!" ventured the modest man;

"but what is your weight?"

"Two hundred and ten pounds, sir," was the reply.

"All solid, self-made man!"

"Ah! yes; exactly! Do you know, by the way, that the estimated weight of the earth is about 6,049,836,000,000 tons?"

"I have heard so; but what has that to do with me?"

"Why, excuse me! But don't you see how impossible it is that the earth should tip every time you take a step?"

SO SUDDEN.

THE WIFE (*reading*).—I see a woman was thrown from her bicycle and knocked speechless.

THE HUSBAND.—Why, what a sad death!

BUT MAKES QUITE A STIR.

It seems against the weather laws
To which our faith is pinned,
That frequently a fast young heir
Can't even raise the wind.

IN DAKOTA.

FIRST CITIZEN.—That clergyman is preaching sermons in which he denounces divorce.

SECOND CITIZEN (*gravely*).—That is wrong. What will become of society if our clergymen do not inculcate respect for the law?

WHENEVER YOU begin to feel that you want people to think you are younger than you are, you are growing old.



IN CONFIDENCE.

THE FIANCÉ.—When I was a small boy, Alice, I was given to ringing door-bells and running away.

THE FIANCÉE.—But you don't do anything like that now, I suppose?

THE FIANCÉ.—I came near doing it the night I called on your father to ask his consent.

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IN AFTER YEARS.



THE BRIGHT DAYS of boyhood over, Sanford and Merton took up the cares and responsibilities of manhood. Mr. Barlow, their tutor, had often remarked the dissimilarity of temperament in them as lads. The boy is father to the man; and, as they older grew, these traits deepened with the stability of purpose that came with added years. Sanford was an optimist. For him the world was bright with promise and big with opportunities. He saw mankind actuated with good motives in every instance. "Art and science stimulate tolerance and progress," he often said; "the world grows better as it grows older."

Not so with Merton; he was a pessimist of the deepest dye, and his first action upon reaching manhood was to become allied with a Reform club. He never voted a straight ticket under any circumstances.

"It is easier to tear down than to build up," he said. "The world grows worse and wicked. We are a race of degenerates."

And with totally different views as to life, these young men went their several ways in the world. But years afterward they met.

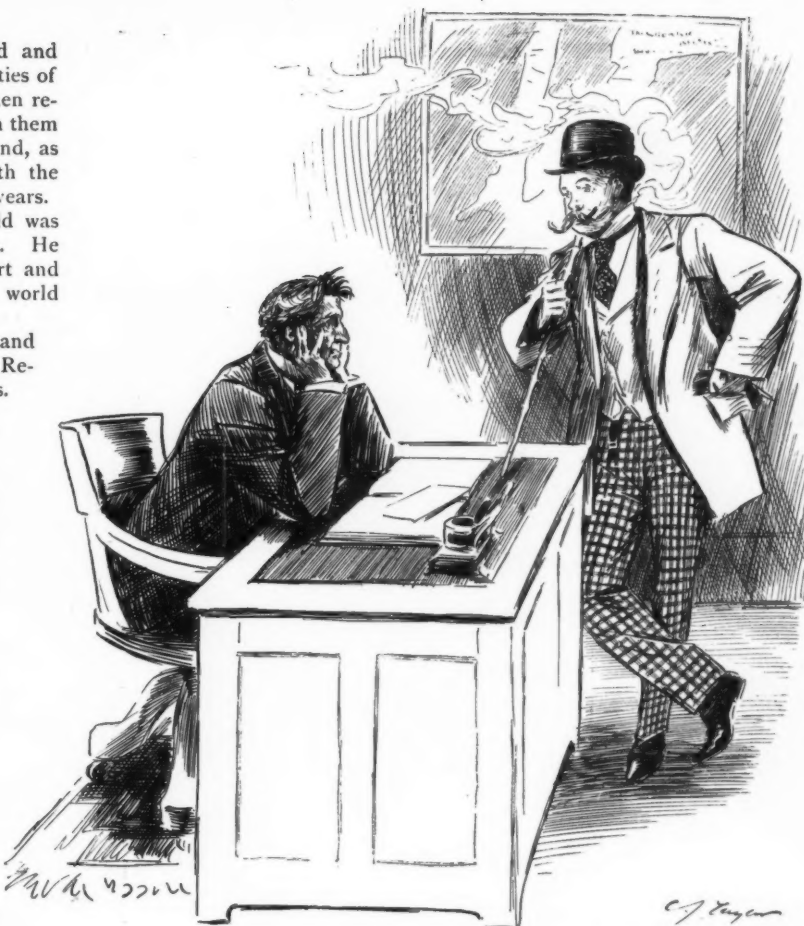
Sanford was still the same. Disappointments had not discouraged him, life had not been all he had hoped for; but he did not repine, and was as hopeful as in the days of his young manhood. Merton, too, was unchanged. He had looked for evil purpose in the motives of men and had generally found it.

They exchanged confidences.

"I have been very lucky," said Sanford; "on every side of me, during the late hard times, I saw business firms of long standing fail and go under. But I breasted it out. Give a year or two of good times and I shall be out of debt. And it looks like good times!"

Merton frowned. "The prospect is gloomy," he said; "The country is going to the dogs. I am only worth a pitiful ten millions to-day. But had I any sort of luck I would be as rich as the richest."

"I had a good idea," said Sanford. "I took the bicycle craze at its height; I saw that the wheel was designed to become popular but that the price stood in the way of persons of moderate means. So I resolved to place them within the reach of all. And I began in the business, listing my wheels, of course, at a hundred dollars, but selling them according to the means of the purchaser, at from twenty-five to fifty dollars. Everywhere I was hailed as a benefactor, and had prices not taken the late tumble in high-grade wheels I should have come out 'way ahead. As it is, I have the satisfaction of



SHE HEARD IT FIRST.

BOB BORROWER.—What! You say you can't lend me ten dollars to-day because you have n't got it—why, I heard you made five hundred yesterday, on wheat!

TOM TOOLER (*despairingly*).—Well, so did my wife!

knowing that I helped to bring the price of all makes within the reach of all. But for three years I was the only manufacturer of cheap wheels in this country. But, tell me," here he turned to Merton, "in what line of trade did you amass your enormous wealth?"

Merton puffed gloomily upon his cigar. "In the bicycle business," he answered shortly.

"Indeed!" said Sanford, eagerly. "What wheel did you make?"

Merton flicked the ash from the end of his cigar. "None," he said sullenly; "I opened a repair shop while your wheels had the run of the market."

Then they adjourned for a high ball, and Sanford took his with sugar in it.

Roy L. McCardell.

ENDOWED WITH REASON.

PROFESSOR.—Where did you acquire the information that microbes possess a high order of intelligence?

STUDENT.—It is a deduction of my own.

PROFESSOR.—From what?

STUDENT.—From their being found in kisses.

HIS DEDUCTION.

"Upon what does Peakedhead base his belief in the theory of reincarnation?"

"On the promise that 'we shall all pass away as a tale that is told.' You see, the tales that are told do not pass away at all; they keep coming back to be told over again. That is the way Peakedhead reasons it out."

WORK AND WORK.

"Is he a hard worker?"

"Well, he worked hard to work me."

JASPER.—Do you think when New York is thoroughly consolidated the name Brooklyn will die out.

JUMPUPPE.—Oh, yes! I don't think any one will be spiteful enough to keep it up.



IN THE KITCHEN.

FIRST BURGLAR.—I'm sorry for dese folks.

SECOND BURGLAR.—Oh, I guess dey can stand de damage!

FIRST BURGLAR.—'T ain't dat. But I'm sorry for people wid a cook dat makes sich plum puddin' as dis.



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Pianos are the Best.


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CAUTION.—The buying public will please not con-
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Examinations**



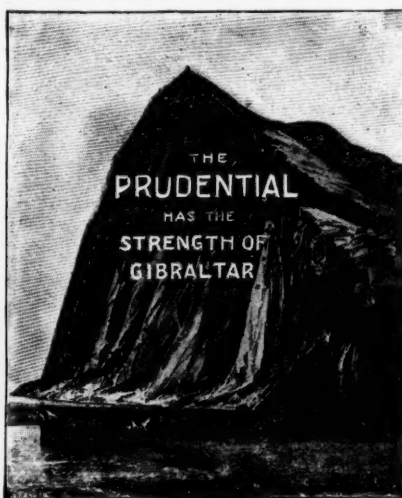
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Broken Chain

The family circle
is never so happy
after the chain is
broken and a link
taken. Some family
chains are strong,
others weak. Have
you a good family
history? Or is
there a tendency to coughs,
throat or bronchial troubles,
weak lungs? Has a brother,
sister, parent or near relative
had consumption? Then your
family chain is weak.
Strengthen it. Take SCOTT'S
EMULSION of Cod-liver Oil
with Hypophosphites. It
makes rich blood, gives strength
and vigor to weak lungs and
run-down constitutions. With
its aid the system throws off
acute coughs and colds. It pre-
vents the chain from breaking.
Shall we send you a book about this,
free?

For sale by all druggists at 50c. and \$1.00
SCOTT & BOWNE, New York.

A MAN dropped his wig on the street and a boy who was following close
behind the loser picked it up and handed it to him. "Thanks, my boy," said
the owner of the wig; "you are the first genuine hair restorer I have ever
seen."—*Roxbury Gazette.*



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Had for 1896 the
Largest Increase in Income of Any Life
Insurance Company in the United States

Assets	Income	Surplus	Policies in force, nearly	Insurance in force	Claims Paid, over
\$19,541,827	\$14,158,445	\$4,034,116	2,500,000	\$320,000,000	\$28,000,000

Send for information.

THE PRUDENTIAL INSURANCE CO. OF AMERICA

Home Office: NEWARK, N. J.

JOHN F. DRYDEN, President.



A HORRIBLE DREAM.

MRS. ISAACSTEIN.—Louey! Louey! Wake oop! Wake oop! Vot's der matter, did you haf der
nightmares?
MR. ISAACSTEIN (in a drip of cold perspiration).—Nightmares? Vorse dan dot! I treamt dot der
plock vere mein store is purned down.
MRS. ISAACSTEIN (amazed).—I don't t'inks dot would give you der nightmares.
MR. ISAACSTEIN.—Yes; put it purned down efery store put mein. Oh! it vas fearful!

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Luxurious Writing!



(H. HEWITT'S PATENT.)
Suitable for writing in every position; glide over
any paper; never scratch nor spurt.

Made of the finest Sheffield rolled steel, BALL-POINTED
pens are more durable and are ahead of all others
FOR EASY WRITING.

\$1.20 per box of 1 gross. Assorted sample box of 24 pens for
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HOOPER, LEWIS & Co., 8 Milk Street, Boston.
A. C. McCLURG & Co., 117 Wabash Avenue, Chicago.
BROWN BROS., Ltd., 68 King Street, Toronto.

ALL the talent some men have, is a real loud voice.—*Washington Democrat.*

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ani some years; it is the best tonic I know of."

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Sanitary Underwear

Fits Perfectly

Made in all sizes, all weights, with finest
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comfort you have ever experi-
enced, perfect freedom of limb,
and the best fit possible for your dresses.

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Boys and Girls For you it means
the delicious en-
joyment of out-
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colic and cold, and assures happiness
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CYCLOMETER

to record the daily work.

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BOSTON, Feb. 29, 1897.

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given me such complete satisfaction as the
"Veeder." I use it in training and wouldn't
be without it. Yours truly, JIMMY MICHAEL.

3 1/2 in. long. Wt. 1 oz. Price \$1.50.
Shows large, plain figures. Beware of
imitations. At all Dealers. Booklet free.

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Very Old.
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EDW. B. BRUCE & CO., Baltimore, Md.

GLYDER.—What a terribly discordant orchestra there is at this dance!

WURLER.—Awful, is n't it? I suppose that's why they hid it behind those potted palms.—*Roxbury Gazette.*

A GOOD name may be better than riches, but it does n't carry as many election districts.—*Yonkers Gazette.*



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ED. PINAUD'S LATEST EXTRACT FOR THE HANDKERCHIEF.
"— PARIS —"
"VIOLETTE REINE"
QUEEN OF VIOLET PERFUMES.
MOST EXQUISITE AND REFINED.
THE TRUE ODOR OF THE LIVING FLOWER.
BEWARE OF INFERIOR PERFUMES SOLD UNDER SIMILAR NAMES.



WHAT HE NEEDED.
MR. WOODWARE.—That young fellow you have in your office is the most conceited puppy I ever ran across.
MR. QUEENSWARE.—Yes; I know; but you must remember he is young yet, and his character is not fully formed. He has never been tried by fire.
MR. WOODWARE.—Then you'd better fire him.—*New York Weekly.*



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CINCINNATI
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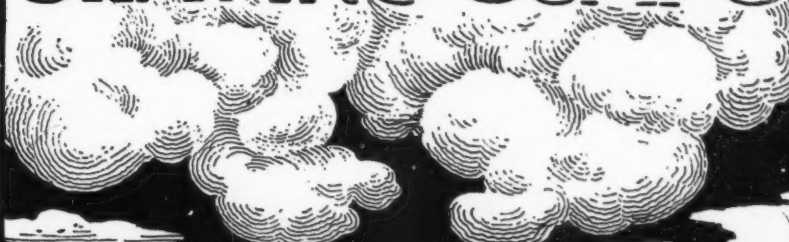
Best of all Cocktail or Tonic Bitters.

5 Bottle of this is equivalent to a bottle of the best of the others.

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MAKE CLOUDS OF THICK CREAMY LATHER

THE ONLY KIND THAT WILL THOROUGHLY SOFTEN THE BEARD—SOOTHE AND REFRESH THE FACE—AND MAKE SHAVING A POSITIVE LUXURY.

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Round—"just fits the cup." Delicate perfume.



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10 cents.
Oldest and most famous cake of shaving soap in the world.



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25 cents.



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Barber.
This is the kind your barber should use. Exquisite also for Toilet and Bath used in thousands of the best families. Five bars in "clipped heads" 6 cents in a package—10 cents a trial sample for a 2 cent stamp.

NOTE—If your dealer fails to supply you—we will mail these soaps to any address—prepaid—on receipt of price.
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LONDON: 84 GREAT RUSSELL ST., W. C. 1, ENGLAND.
Williams' Exquisite "Jersey Cream" Toilet Soap, 15 cents

A WOMAN'S call has a postscript, the same as her letters.—*Atchison Globe.*

BOKER'S BITTERS

An appetizer, promotes digestion, cures dyspepsia, and delicious in drinks.

IF YOU have a rash, don't be rash and go through life with it. JOHN H. WOODBURY, 127 West 42d St., N. Y., cures rashes and eruptions. Use Woodbury's Facial Soap. Book sent for 2-cent stamp.



OPIUM HABIT DRUNKENNESS
Cured in 10 to 20 Days. No Pay till Cured. DR. J. L. STEPHENS, LEBANON, OHIO.

GADSBY.—Your hair will be gray if it keeps on.

WOOLFIN.—Oh, well, if it keeps on I'll be satisfied.—*Roxbury Gazette.*

See our Exhibit at the American Institute Fair, Madison Square Garden, now open. Dr. Siegel's Angostura Bitters, Eiffel Tower Fruit Juices, White's Jelly Crystals. Call and see us at the Fair.

A MAN is going around posing as the father of the Klondike. It seems to us that this ought to be Santa Claus.—*Atchison Globe.*

A bottle of Cook's Imperial Extra Dry Champagne with your dinner makes it complete. It pleases every one.

If you talk to a mule about voice culture, take care to keep away from his heels.—*Ram's Horn.*

FREE TO BALD HEADS.

We will send free on application full information how to grow hair on bald heads, stop hair falling and produce a fine growth of whiskers, mustaches, etc.
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Equal to those costing \$5 to \$7. See that name and price is stamped on bottom. Kangaroo tops; fast color hooks and eyelets; three rows silk stitching; oak leather bottoms.

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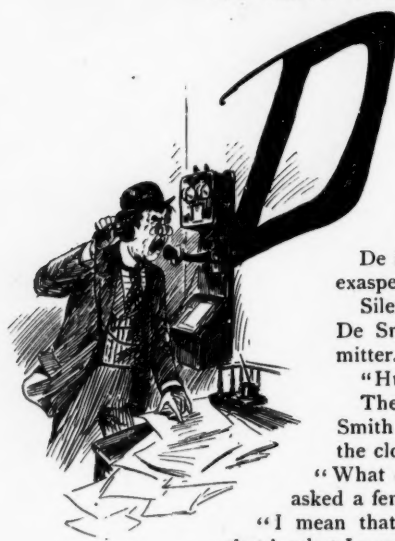


MADE IN RUSSIA STORM CALF PATENT CALF SEAL GOAT BEST CALF VICI KID BOX CALF CORDOVAN ENAMEL.

"PAPA," said Billy, tearfully, after a playful romp with the good-natured but rather rough St. Bernard puppy, "I don't believe Bingo knows what kind of a dog he is. He plays as if he thought he was a little pug."—*Harper's Bazar.*

IF IN HASTE, Take The NEW YORK CENTRAL

DE SMITH AND THE 'PHONE.



DE SMITH rang his telephone-bell gently.

"Hullo, Central!" he murmured.

A patient wait and no answer.

"Hullo, Central!" a trifle louder.

No response. Another ring—longer than the first.

"Hullo, Central!"

De Smith's voice was slightly tinged with exasperation.

Silence still; and the receiver rasped as De Smith's fierce breath struck the transmitter.

"Hullo! Hullo! Hullo!—great blazes!"

There came no answering voice, and De Smith rang savagely for fifteen minutes, by the clock.

"What do you mean by ringing that way?" asked a feminine voice.

"I mean that I won't wait three hours on you; that's what I mean. My time's worth something."

"Did n't wait three hours."

"Know better. Give me five one naught three."

"Six seven two one?"

"Who said anything about six seven two one? I want *five one naught three—five—*"

"Five one nine three?"

"NAUGHT, NAUGHT three."

"Ting-a-ling-a-ling-a-ling."

"Hullo!"

"Hullo!" returned De Smith; "is Mr. Johnson there?"

"Wait a minute."

De Smith waited ten minutes, and it seemed like ten hours. At last, a ring and an answer.

"Hullo, there!"

"Hullo, Johnson! Say! send over—"

"Who do you want?"

"Johnson, Johnson—ain't your name Johnson?"

"No; my name's Thompson."

"Send Johnson to the 'phone."

"No Johnson here."

"What! Are n't you Brown, Jones & Robinson?"

"No; we're Hngx & Tzwxson."

"Who?"

"Lrptw & Xtwpson."

"Spell it?"

"Huh- bler- cl — stuh-a-n-d —"

"What's your number?"

"Fifty-one ninety-three."

"Great Caesar's ghost!"

De Smith dropped the receiver and fell back against the door. When he recovered he went at the 'phone again.

"Hullo, Central!"

"Hullo! Hullo! Hullo! Say! what do you want, anyway?"

"Ring off—I want Central."

"There's—no—Johnson—here."

"I did n't say there was!" howled De Smith; "ring off. Hullo, Central!"

"Who are you?"

De Smith danced a devil's hornpipe around the telephone, and then yanked the bell.

"Hullo, Central! Where the old Nick are you? Hullo! Hullo! HULLO!"

"Stop your yellin'! This is Thompson at the 'phone."

"Go to Halifax, Thompson! Will you ring off? I don't want you!"

"What's that? Don't talk so loud—I can't hear you."



TIMES HAVE CHANGED.

"There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,"
Sang Byron—but he did n't ride a wheel.
To-day we want good roads—not solitudes
Where folks may have to trundle "steeds of steel."



GETTING HIS ACCOUNT STRAIGHT.

BOB BORROWER.—According to my memorandum book I owe you ten dollars.

LON LENDITT (*nervously*).—No, Bob;—it is only five.

BOB BORROWER.—The deuce you say! Then just let me have another V to straighten out my book, will you?

"Don't care whether you hear me or not. I'm blamed—"

"Get back from your 'phone."

De Smith gasped, put his receiver in the fork, hung to it with all his strength, and rang his bell until he wore out the battery.

"Hullo, Central!" he murmured in a husky whisper.

His eyes were bulging from his head, and life seemed a dreary waste.

"Do you want Gcxt & Pgwson?"

"No," came the strangely mild and husky whisper;

"I want Central."

"There's no Johnson here, I tell you."

"Ha! Ha! Ha!"

Poor De Smith! They took him from that telephone to an asylum, and he amuses himself there with an old door-knob. He holds it to his ear, and is constantly calling for 5103 through the ventilator.

William Wallace Cook.

IN SOME cases the prize-fighter's features are clear-cut, and in some they are upper-cut.

NO MAN can win respect by stacking the cards.

Mount Vernon PURE RYE

Owing to its fine, full, mellow flavor, this whiskey commands the highest price in barrels (to wholesale dealers) of any brand now on the market, and is the basis of most of the bottled blended whiskies now so extensively advertised.

Bottled at the Distillery with an absolute Guaranty of Purity and Original Condition.

The consumer buying this—the only distillery bottling of MOUNT VERNON (in SQUARE Bottles, each bearing the Numbered Guaranty Label)—secures the highest grade of Pure Rye Whiskey in its natural condition, entirely free from adulteration with cheap spirits and flavorings.

FOR MEDICINAL USE


it has the endorsement of the most prominent physicians throughout the United States.

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THE COOK & BERNHEIMER CO., New York, Sole Agents for the United States.

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Heavy stomach in the morning? A dash in water of Abbott's Original Angostura Bitters. Sun shines all day. Abbott's, the genuine original.



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A SCIENTIFICALLY COMPOUNDED ARTICLE, MADE ONLY OF THE VERY CHOICEST MATERIALS, AND READY TO SERVE IN A MINUTES NOTICE; JUST THE THING FOR AN AFTERNOON-TEA, EVENING-PARTY, YACHT OR PICNIC. IT MAKES ENTERTAINING EASY.

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Arnold Constable & Co.
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Ladies' Faced Cloths
In New Fall Colorings.
FANCY MIXTURES IN
FINISHED MELTONS.
Especially Desirable for Tailor-Made Suits.

Broadway & 19th St.
NEW YORK.

A PAYING PARTNERSHIP.

STRUGGLING PLAY-RIGHT (gloomily).—There is no chance for talent in these days, no chance at all.

STRANGER.—That's because you don't know how to use your talents. Go into partnership with me and we'll both make fortunes. All you need to do is to write a ten-act play. I'll get it produced at the Fashion Theatre at my own expense and we'll divide the profits.

"Are you the manager of the Fashion Theatre?"

"No; I run the saloon next door."—*New York Weekly.*

Sparkling Brilliancy,
Creamy Head,
Ripe Mellow Flavor,
show precisely why

Evans' Ale

has won its way and a world-wide reputation.

At all Hotels, Restaurants and Cafés.

C. H. EVANS & SONS,
Brewers, Malsters and Bottlers,
Hudson, New York.



THE LITTLE CRITIC.

"Why, Papa," said Frances, who was looking at the album; "surely this is n't a picture of you?"

"Yes," replied Papa; "that is a picture of me, taken when I was quite young."

"Well," commented the little girl, "it does n't look as much like you as you look now."—*Harper's Bazar.*

"It made me so mad to be offered only a quarter of a cent a pound for these old newspapers," said Mrs. Muglin, "when I'd paid out no less than two cents apiece for every one of them."—*Roxbury Gazette.*

Definition of the word

"KODAK"

The *Standard Dictionary* says: "Kodak is an arbitrary word constructed for trade-mark purposes."

We originated and own this trade-mark. No camera is a "Kodak" unless manufactured by the Eastman Kodak Company.

Don't let the clerk sell you any other camera under the name of "Kodak."

If it isn't our make, it isn't a "Kodak."

BICYCLE KODAKS,

\$5.00 to \$25.00.

Booklet Free.

"You press the button,
We do the rest."

\$2,553.00 in Prizes for
Kodak Pictures.
\$1,475.00 in Gold.
Send for "Prize Contest"
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CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

Johannes Wolff and Joseph Hollman write: "Vin Mariani is delicious, and does us a world of good."



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THE IDEAL FARMER.

FIRST FARMER.—If you or I had the right kind of a farm we'd be better off than we are now.

SECOND FARMER.—What do you mean by the right kind of a farm?

FIRST FARMER.—Why, one of them that you can cut up into buildin' lots an' sell at a big profit.

OPPENHEIMER CURE
Offers a Perfect Remedy for
ALCOHOLISM, MORPHINISM & NEURASTHENIA

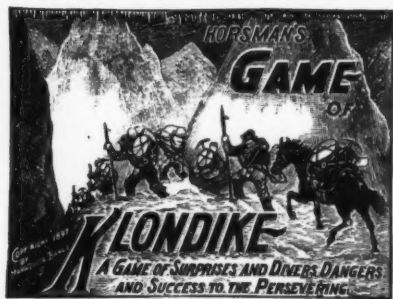
The Craving for Liquor Removed in One Day. Use of drugs discontinued at once, WITHOUT DANGER. No Hypodermics. NO INTERRUPTION OF ORDINARY HABITS. Guaranteed that the craving, of itself, can never return. **PRIVACY ASSURED.**

For other information, testimonials and references, in complete booklet, send or call **THE OPPENHEIMER CURE, 131 W. 45th St., New York.**

GOOBREY.—Would you rather be right than be president?
SNIBLER.—No; but I'd rather be right than be an ex-president.—*Roxbury Gazette.*

Berthelmer writes: "Vin Mariani can have no equal; it will live forever."

HORSMAN'S GAME of KLONDIKE



A Search for **GOLD** through the **KLONDIKE REGION**

A Golden Nugget With Each Game. Abounding in thrilling interest for young and old. Sold Everywhere. Sent prepaid on receipt of **ONE DOLLAR.** Agents wanted. Published by **E. I. HORSMAN, 512 Broadway, NEW YORK**

A BURST OF SPEED.

STREET-CAR CONDUCTOR (to DRIVER).—I wonder what that man is running so hard for?

DRIVER (looking back).—Mebby the fool wants ter git on. G'lang!
—*New York Weekly.*

"WHAT!" said the Judge; "you expect me to send your husband to prison when you acknowledge that you threw five flat-irons at him, and he only threw one at you?"

"Yes; that's all right, Judge," said the irate Irish woman; "but then the one he threw hit me."—*Harper's Bazar.*

WHOEVER sits down to wait for trade to come his way will need a thick cushion on his seat.—*Profitable Advertising.*

BILL.—I think your friend is over-worked.

JILL.—What makes you think so?

BILL.—Why, I understand every man in town has borrowed money of him.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

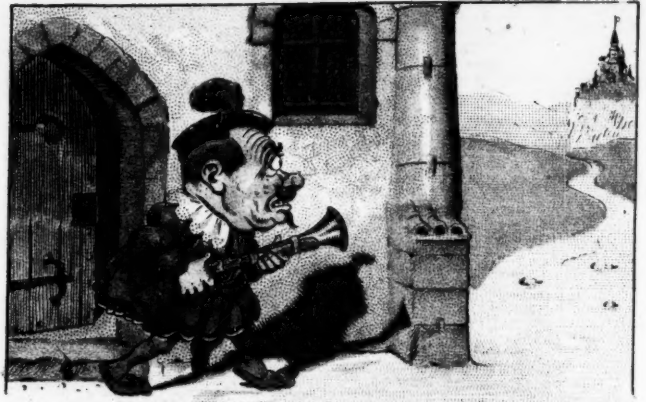
THERE is a variety of Klondikitis which will not appear for some years to come. It is the sickness which will attack American aristocracy when people begin to edge into its inner circle on a Chilkoot pass.—*Washington Capital.*

THE GENUINE
JOHANN HOFF'S
MALT EXTRACT
MAKES
FLESH AND BLOOD
AVOID SUBSTITUTES
EISNER & MENDELSON CO. NEW YORK, AGENTS



THE LOVER. — Well, then, this eve at midnight, my life, be ready, and we will flee from the grasp of thy cruel father!

THE CRUEL FATHER. — Ha! Ha! I will foil their deep-laid plans. Ha! Ha! Ho! Ho!



THE CRUEL FATHER (as the clock strikes the midnight hour). — Now, my pretty little man, you will soon learn that the course of true love does n't run smooth.



THE CRUEL FATHER. — Ha! He cometh upon his horse. Prithce, perhaps I will not blow him full of holes with my trusty blunderbuss!

THE DAUGHTER (opening window softly and seeing her father). — O ye Gods of Love! I must act quickly, or Popper will make my Reginald look like a sieve.



THE DAUGHTER. — Oh! how resourceful is a maiden's brain in time of need. This water will dampen the ardor of the powder in Popper's blunderbuss.



THE LOVER. — All is still! All must be well! A few moments more and my fair bride will be beyond the reach of her wicked sire.



THE CRUEL FATHER. — And in two more seconds you will be beyond the reach of sires or any one else. (Pulls trigger six times in succession without effect.)



THE LOVER. — Well, Popper, from the looks of thy weapon thou must have loaded it at the pump! I call thy bluff.



THE LOVER. — Well, good-by, Popper! 'T was well I brought that rope along. Sleep peacefully, for you will not be disturbed until the milkman comes in the morning.